Psyche [Song/MP3 3:44]

[Verse 1]
I have seen the high and mighty, and those who wore the royal crown,
Drunk with power, while they trampled humble people to the ground.
The sight of it disturbed my soul, I could not bear the view,
So I left that place behind, and through the years I flew.

[Pre-Chorus]
I've walked through peaceful ages where hard labor filled each day.
There was little time for laughter if you hoped to earn your way.
There is no time like the present, no moment quite like now,
In the way we think, the way we live, the dreams that we allow.

[Chorus]
Psyche
If one word could define the journey, it would simply be: Psyche.
The future always feels impossible... until it becomes routine.

[Verse 2]
Life keeps growing easier as each new age unfolds,
Yet why do wiser tools not always lead to wiser souls?
I have traveled through the years, through space and through time,
With no grand mission guiding me, just curiosity in mind.

[Pre-Chorus]
I longed to see the changing world and how each age would thrive.
Each generation shapes the next with wonders yet unseen.
There is no time like the present, no moment quite like now,
In the way we think, the way we live, the dreams that we allow.

[Chorus]
Psyche
If one word could define the journey, it would simply be: Psyche.
The future always feels impossible... until it becomes routine.

[Bridge]
What would I do without my TV, or without my AI?
How would I get things done without machines that help us fly?
I have traveled through the years, through space and through time,
And every age I passed through changed the shape of my mind.

[Final Chorus]
Psyche
If one word could define the journey, it would simply be: Psyche.
The future always feels impossible... until it becomes routine.

Psyche: A Traveler's Tale [Audiobook/MP3 6:13]
By Roger E Bissell Jr

The first time I slipped through time, it wasn't planned. I had simply reached a point where the world felt too heavy to bear. "I have seen the high and mighty, and those who wore the royal crown, drunk with power, while they trampled humble people to the ground."

That memory stayed with me like a bruise. I didn't leave out of fear. I left because I wanted to understand how humanity had carried itself through the centuries—how we had learned, how we had failed, and how we kept trying anyway.

Time, as it turned out, was not a straight road but a corridor of doors. I stepped through one and found myself in a world of stone walls, iron gates, and banners snapping in the wind.

The Middle Ages

The village smelled of smoke and damp earth. People moved with a quiet urgency, heads lowered, hands busy. Life was hard, but it was honest—until the church bell rang.

A procession emerged from the cathedral. Robes of crimson and gold shimmered in the sun. The bishop walked at the front, chin lifted, eyes sharp. Behind him, a line of villagers shuffled forward, each carrying a small token—coins, grain, wool. Offerings.

A woman beside me whispered, "If we don't give, he says God will curse our fields."

Her voice trembled. Not with faith—fear.

I watched as the bishop raised his staff and declared judgment on a man who had refused to obey. The crowd murmured. The man's shoulders sagged. His children clung to his legs.

The bishop's words were not spiritual. They were political. "His authority wore the language of the divine, but it had become a tool of convenience. The robes were different, but I'd seen the same hunger in kings, generals, merchants, and later in politicians and celebrities."

And yet the people bowed.

I stood there, stunned by how easily power could disguise itself as righteousness. It wasn't the first time I had seen it. It wouldn't be the last.

The bishop's voice echoed through the square, heavy with threat. I felt the same sickness I had felt in the courts of kings. "The sight of it disturbed my soul, I could not bear the view."

So I stepped through time again.

A Peaceful Age

I landed in a century where machines clattered and chimneys smoked. Labor was everywhere—hands shaping metal, weaving cloth, building cities. People worked until their backs bent and their fingers stiffened.

"There was little time for laughter if you hoped to earn your way."

Yet there was peace. No kings demanding tribute. No bishops threatening damnation. Just the quiet dignity of effort.

Still, I wondered: why must survival always cost so much?

The Present

When I returned to my own time, the contrast was jarring. Screens glowed in every home. Machines flew overhead. Artificial intelligence whispered answers before questions were fully formed.

Life was easier—almost unbelievably so.

But something puzzled me.

We had more tools, more comfort, more knowledge than any age before us. And yet the same old struggles remained: pride, fear, division, the hunger for control.

"Life keeps growing easier as each new age unfolds, yet why do wiser tools not always lead to wiser souls?"

I thought of the bishop in the Middle Ages, using faith as a weapon. I thought of kings who crushed the poor. I thought of modern leaders who used technology not to uplift but to manipulate.

Every age had its gifts. Every age had its tyrants.

And every age had ordinary people trying to live, trying to hope, trying to understand.

The Journey's Meaning

I traveled again—forward, backward, sideways through centuries. I watched inventions rise and empires fall. I saw kindness in unexpected places and cruelty in predictable ones.

Eventually, I realized the truth:

Humanity changes its tools far faster than it changes its heart.

We invent machines to fly, but still struggle to lift each other up. We build devices that speak, but still fail to listen. We create wonders, but sometimes forget to be wonderful.

And yet—there is always potential.

Each generation shapes the next. Each discovery opens a door. Each act of compassion plants a seed.

My journey was never about time. It was about perspective.

"If one word could define the journey, it would simply be: Psyche."

Because in the end, the greatest landscape I traveled wasn't history.

It was humanity.

Closing Reflection

We are given so much—tools, knowledge, comfort—not to control others, but to help them. Every age shows what happens when power is used to dominate instead of uplift. I've seen kings, bishops, politicians, and modern influencers all fall into the same trap.

But I've also seen ordinary people choose kindness over convenience, truth over fear, courage over silence.

Those choices matter more than any invention.
The future always feels impossible... "until it becomes routine."

And perhaps the greatest impossibility—the one we still reach for—is learning to use our gifts to lift each other higher.

Psyche: Through the Years [Song/MP3 4:11]

[Verse 1]
I saw the high and mighty
And the royal crown
Mad with all their power
And the ones pushed down
It made me sick
I could not stand the sight
So I took off running
Took off in time-flight

[Pre-Chorus]
(There is no time like today)
No time like the present
(In the way that we think)
In the way that we're stepping
(I watched the years keep turning)
Watched the old rules bend
And I kept on asking
How do we carry on?

[Chorus]
(Psyche, Psyche)
I had to go
(Psyche, Psyche)
Through the years I'd know
(Psyche)
What this world becomes
(Psyche, Psyche)
I'm still coming up

[Verse 2]
I've seen the times of peace
But the labor ran deep
No time for play
If you want what you keep
Life gets so much easier
As the time moves on
You would think we'd be better
But the question lingers long

[Pre-Chorus]
(There is no time like today)
No time like the present
(In the way that we think)
In the way that we're stepping
(I kept my curiosity)
Like a spark in my hand
(No official agenda)
Just a view of the land

[Chorus]
(Psyche, Psyche)
I had to go
(Psyche, Psyche)
Through the years I'd know
(Psyche)
What this world becomes
(Psyche, Psyche)
I'm still coming up

[Bridge]
(What would I do)
(Without the screen glow)
(Or without my AI)
How could I get things done
(Without robots in the sky)
I've seen the future
And it looks like us
Still chasing meaning
Still reaching up

[Final Chorus]
(Psyche, Psyche)
I had to go
(Psyche, Psyche)
Through the years I'd know
(Psyche)
What this world becomes
(Psyche, Psyche)
I'm still coming up